The Ferrillage

The Sweep of Circling Mountain Ranges, the Light and Color of the Desert, the Romance and Glamour of the Great Southwest - All Blend in This Gripping Story of Love and Adventure-The Old Days of the Open Range, the Indian Wars and the Conquest of the Desert Are Gone, but in This Story They Live Again

(Copyright, 1910, by Harper and and Barthers SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER, ung Bastierner, is found dying in the desert by a band of Morninia has been sent into the deer't by exitie owners to apy upon a band of rus That night the Morninas make camp, and here and his band of out for Harn. Father Neah tells Harn to pretend to make invo to Alexed, he buy. That the outlews may overlook a pair of lowers in their exacts.

"Seen any Navvies?" "Yes."

CHAPTER L.

waited, straining to catch a sound. Then a stronger puff "I heard that he had been mis-of wind whipped in, bringing taken for a spy at Lund and had fled toward Bane." sound. Then a stronger puff the rhythmic beat of flying hoofs. rhythmic heat of flying hoofs. "Hain't seen nothin of him sound grew into a clattering side of Lund?" roat. A black mass hurled itself over the border of opaque circle, plunged into the light, and halted.

August Naab deliberately threw a bundle of grease-wood upon the eampfire. A blaze leaped up, send-ing abroad a red flare. "Who ing abroad a red flare. "Who comes?" he called. "Friends, Mormons, friends," was

"Get dow :-friends-and come to

Dene. "Fine water, fine cattle, fine browse. I've a fine graveyurd, too; thirty graves, and not one a woman's. Fine place for graves, the canyon country. You don't have to dig. There's one grave the Indians never named; it's 2,000 feet deep." Three horsemen advanced to the or ten, remained in the shadow, a silent group.

Hare sank back against the stone.

He knew the foremost of those borsemen though he had never seen The third homeman dismounted whispered Mescal, and and went toward the wagons.

"Dene," whispered Mescal, and confirmed his instinctive fear.

Hare was nervously alive to the chandsome presence of the outlaw. Glimpsee that he had caught of "bad" men returned vividly as he noted the clean-shaven face, the creament he moved against Mescal youthful, supple body, the cool, care-and felt her trembling violently. less mien. Dene's eyes glittered as he pulled off his gauntiets and beat the sand out of them; and but for took Mescal in his arms and leaned that quick fierce glance his leisurely bis head against hers. He feit one of her hands lightly brush his armed suspicion.

August Naab, I am." slowed
"Dry camp, eh? liceses tired, I "Spr
reckon. Shore it's a sandy trail, Haw!
Where's the rest of you fellers?" The "Cole and his men were in a moving footsteps. The rattling clink murry to make White Sage, to-night. They were travelling light; I've frestless stamp of horse. Chance had mounted. Dene's voice drawled out: "Goodby, Nash, I shore will see you all some day." The heavy thuds of

many hoofs evened into a roat that diminished as it sushed away.

CHAPTER II.

HE night was as a plank to Hare; the morning like a drifting of hazy clouds before his eyes. He felt himself moving; and when he awakened clearly to consciousness he lay upon a couch on the vine-covered porch of a cottage.

"Good morning," sang out August Naab's cheery voice. "Sixteen hours of sleep, my lad!"

of sleep, my lad."

"I did sleep, didn't I? No wonder I feel well this morning. A peculiarity of my illness is that one day I'm down, the next day up."

"With the goodness of God, my lad, we'll gradually increase the days up. Go in to breakfast. Afterward I want to talk to you. This'll be a busy day for me, shoeing the horses and packing supplies. I want to start for "I have never lied."
"Heerd of a young feller thet was
in Lund—pale chap—lunger, we'd
call him back West." supplies. I want to start for ing supplies.

Hare pondered over Nuab's words while he ate. The suggestion in them, implying a relation to his future, made him wonder if the good Mormon intended to take him to his desert home. He hoped so, and warmed apew to this friend. But he had no enthusiasm for himself; his future seemed hopeless. Naab was waiting for him on the

"Naab, I'm shore comin' to visit evem
you some day. Never been over thet name. Heerd you bed fine water, porch fine cattle. An' say, I seen that little cotta; Navajo girl you have, an' I wouldn't gate.
mind seein' her again."

August Nagh bloom. porch, and drew him away from the cottage down the path toward the 'I want you to go home with me."

August Namb kicked the fire into brighter blaze. "Yes, fine runge," he presently replied, his gaze fixed on Dene. "Fine water, fine cattle, fine "Til go-but I ought not. What can I do for you? Nothing." "No man can ever tell what he may well, John, is it settled?" He of-fered his huge broad hand.

"It's settled-!—" Hare failered as

he put his hand in Naab's.
"Very well, Jack, and now let's see. You'll need some things from the store. Can you come with me? It's not far." "Surely. And now what I need most

is a razor to scrape the alkali and stubble off my face." They went down the dusty

and into a wide door to tread a maze of narrow aisles between boxes and barrels, stacks of canned vegetables, and piles of harness and dry goods; they entered an open

space where several men leaned on a counter.

"Helio, Abe," anid Naab; "seen anything of Snap?"

"Helio, August. Yes, Snap's inside.

"So's Holderness. Saye he rode in off the range on purpose to see you." Abe I. designated an open doorway from which issued loud voices. Hare glanced into a long narrow room full of smoke and the fumes of rum. Through the haze he made out a crowd of men at a rude bar. Abe went to the door and called out: "Hele, Snap, your dad wants you. Holderness. here's August Naab."

"Never had a chance to sell it," said America is nitre obtained?

10. What river forms a part of the new boundary between France and germany?

11. Who was the King of France at the beginning of the French Revolution?

12. Who is Secretary of the American Federation of Labor?

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S beginning of the American Federation of Labor?

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S beginning to a low tone: It's about time—even if you are an Elder. We Mormons must"— he went to the door and called out: "here's Holderness now."

Holderness, here's August Naab."

"Never had a chance to sell it," said America is nitre obtained?

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ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S be also time for the country in South American in the rack.

"To when to obtained?

10. What river forms a part of the new boundary between France and the cartridges also, two thou-set for the peginning of the France and the cartridges also, two thou-set for the new boundary between France and the cartridges also, two thou-set for the peginning of the France and the said.

The lie of the cartridges also, two thou-set for the new boundary between France and the cartridges also, two thou-set for the new boundary.

12. Who is Secretary of the American Federation of Labor?

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S the form of the new boundary.

13. It who was the King of the France and the cartridges Shuffling footsteps scraped the sand, sounded nearer and nearer. Markin'! Dead to the world. Haw! Haw!" The coarse laugh gave place to moving footsteps. The rattling clink of stirrup and spur mingled with the

A man staggered up the few steps land gathered with the reiteration of a man taking account of stock, leading to the store and swayed in. His long race had a hawkish cast, stooped to get in the door. He outwith the sage-gray of the desert. His a superb blond bearded man, striding year were of the same hue, cold yet in their depths. He appeared short of sature because of a curvature of the spine, but straightened up he would stand for it the rustlers. But he'd do bear to leave Ulan."

"Yes. Jack Hare," rejoined Naab, "We!, Hare, Fm Holderness, You'll spine, but straightened up he would stature because of a curvature of the spine, but straightened up he would stature because of a curvature of the spine, but straightened up he would stand for it the rustlers. But he'd do bear to leave Ulan."

"You would stand for it the rustlers wouldn't. I'll take Hare out to the wouldn't. I'll take Hare out to the sund a superb blond bearded man, striding with the sage-gray of the desert. His a superb blond bearded man, striding with the sage-gray of the desert. His a superb blond bearded man, striding with the sage-gray of the desert. His a superb blond bearded man, striding with the sage-gray of the desert. His a superb blond bearded man, striding with the sage-gray of the desert. His a superb blond bearded man, striding with the sage-gray of the desert. His a superb blond bearded man, striding with the sage-gray of the desert. His a superb blond bearded man, striding with the sage-gray of the desert. His a superb blond bearded man, striding with the sage-gray of the desert. His a superb blond bearded man, striding with the sage-gray of the desert. His a superb blond bearded man, striding with the sage-gray of the desert. His a superb blond bearded man, striding with the sage-gray of the desert. His a superb blond bearded man, striding with the sage-gray of the desert. His a superb blond bearded man, striding with the sage-gray of the beart. His addeduction man, striding with the sage-gray of the wants. But he'd do beat to the

"Never mind Larsen. If he got the better of you let the matter drop," clear penetrating amber lights. Hare realized that this son was the eyes that bent upon him. Naab's first-born, best-loved, a thorn in his side, a black sheep.

"Say, father, is that the found on the trail?" Sn: found on the trail?" Snap's pale eyes gleamed on Hare and the little flames seemed to darken and leap. "This is John Hare, the young man found. But he's not a spy. "You can't make any one believe

"You can't make any one believe that. He's down as a spy. Dene's spy! His name's gone over the ranges as a counter of unbranded stock. Dene has named him and Dene has marked him. Don't take him home, as you've taken so many sick and hunted men before. What's the good of it? You never made a Mormon of one of them yet. Don't take him—unless you want another grave for your cemetery. Ha! Ha!" Hare recoiled with a shock. Snap Naab swayed to the door, and stepped down, all the time with his face over his shoulder, his baleful glance on Hare; then the blue bage glance on Hare; then the blue hage swallowed him.

The geveral loungers went out: August engaged the storekeeper in eye called? conversation; introducing Hare and 5. What is the name of a common explaining their wants. They in-edible fungus? spected the various needs of a runge-rider, selecting, in the end, not the merly kno few suggested by Hare, but the many included? was the rife Naab had talked about can Consular Agent recently kidli was a beautiful wenpon, finely polnapped?

The last purchase 7. In what country was an Ameriwas a beautiful wenpon, finely polnapped?

The country was an Amerinather take once, only until dark I'd
rather take chances here than out on
nace among the country out of 8. Through what play did the more place among the plain coarse-sighted

A man staggered up the few steps had gathered with the reiteration of a man taking account of stock, a Bishop?" challanged August Naab, them, its white dome gradually distaiding to the store and swayed in this man's name. A newcomer brands, and all that. If the Mormons planting his broad hulk square before solving in the darkness; the second list long race had a hawkish cast, stooped to get in the door. He out would stand for it the rustlers Hare.

nameless distrust, as colorless as the clear penetrating amber lightness of

"Helderness, will you right the story about Hare?" inquired Nagh. "You mean about his being a spy? Well, Naab, the truth is that was his Job. I advised against sending a man down here for that sort of work. It These Mormons will steal won't do.

1. What breed of cow gives the greatest quantity of milk? 2. In what country is Castle located?

3. In what State was Gen. Pershing 4. What is the colored part of the

6 In what State is the section forhim at all. Dene has ridden in; he
merly known as Indian Territory now swears you won't take Hare away."
"We're all packed and ready to merly known as Indian Territory now

tage Naab did not speak once; the transformation which had begun with the appearance of his drunken son had reached a climax of gloomy silence after the clash with Holderness. Nanh went directly to the Bishop, and presently the quavering voice of the old minister rose in

chair on the purch, and presently fell into a doze, from which he awakened with a start. Naab's sons, with Mar-tin Cole and several other men, were standing in the yard. Naab himself was gently crowding the women into the house. When he got them all inside he closed the door and turned to

"Yes, an even break. They met in front of Abe's, I saw the meeting. Neither was surprised. They stood for a moment watching each other. They they drew-only Snap was quicker. Larsen's gun went off as he fell. That trick you taught Snap saved his life again. Larsen was no slouch on the draw."

"Where's Snap now?"
"Gone after his pinto. He was sober. Said he'd pack at once. Larsen's friends are ugly. Snap said to
tell you to hurry out of the village is
with young Hare, if you want to take i

A clatter of hoofs and rattling of gravel preceded the appearance of a black horse in the garden path. His closed in Naab had his teams ready a silence not of serene plain or mounties about the arbor, and reined in before the porch to silp out of the saddle with the agility of an Indian. It was Dene, dark, smiling, nonchalant.

The trail in the night. When twilight when no wind stirred, silence reigned, a silence not of serene plain or mountain fastness, but shut in, compressed, strange, and breathless. Safe from Dave and George Naab mounted of the world was this Garden of their mustangs and rode through the Eschtah.

To Be Continued. porch to slip out of the saddle with the agility of an Indian. It was Dene, dark, smiling, nonchalant.

"What do you seek in the house of gute; the first wagon rolled after

moved, quicker than sight, and a Colt revolver lay in his outstretched palm. He dropped it back into the holster. Sald: It was also the forerunser of the dropped it back into the holster. Sald: It was also the forerunser of other cedars, which increased in number of me again." He doubled his huge ber toward the summit. At length that and shoved it before Dene's eyes. Why don't I deal it? Because, you mindless hell-hound, because there's a higher law than man's—God's law —Thou shalt not kill! Understand that if you can. Leave me and mine alone from this day. Now go!"

He pushed Dene down the path into passed.

know. They're coming in. Dene's Cole said, unless there were some valley; when it was east a dreamy jumped the fence! Look out!" good reason why he wished to strike hollow hum, a somnolent song, mur-A clatter of hoofs and rattling of the trail in the night. When twilight when no wind stirred, silence reigned.

The rustler's gaze shifted warily from Naab to the quiet Mormons and his eyelids tight. They opened again back again. Then his right hand some hours later. For a moment he quivered and shot downward. Naab's act was even quicker. A Colf gleamed the whip of the cold wind across his and whirled to the grass, and the outlaw cried out as his arm cracked in the Mormon's grasp. the Mormon's grasp.

Dave Naab leaped off the bank directly in front of Dene's approaching companions, and faced them, alert and slient, his band on his lap.

August Naab swung the outlaw the direction and kept the horses in against the porch-post and held him there with brawny arm.

"When of an avil bread!" he thun-

were in pursuit.

It was almost morning and soen "Whelp of an evil breed!" he thundered, shaking his gray head. "Do the sun rose and warmed the chill you think we fear you and your gundered, shaking his gray head. "Do the sun rose and warmed the chill you think we fear you and your gunder. Hare began to notice the insharp tricks? Look! See this!" He creased height and abundance of the released Dene and stepped back with his hand before him. Suddenly it color. The first cedar tree, stunted in moved, quicker than sight, and a Colt growth, dead at the top, was the half-

He pushed Dene down the path into the arms of his companions.

"Out with you!" said Dave Naab. carnvan plodding through the desert "Hurry! Get your horse. Hurry! sands came to a broad beaten road. I'm not so particular about God as Dad is!"

The pushed Dene down the path into passed.

It was late that night when the carnvan plodding through the desert sands came to a broad beaten road, and the horses broke into a trot. Soon they entered the walled courtyard the walled courty the walled c CHAPTER III. they entered the walled courtyard where lanterns cast long shadows against the farm buildings. August FTER the departure of Dene Naab had brought the stranger to

can Consular Agent recently kidnapped?
3. Through what play did the song
1 "Ben Boil" become famous?
4. From what country in South
5. From what country in South
6. America is nitre obtained?
6. What river forms a part of the new boundary between France and Germany?
6. Here's Dene now, riding up bank. "Here's Dene now, riding up the beginning of the French Revolution?
6. Cole said, unless there were some valley, level as a floor, green with nightfall. Martin Cole and closed by a circle of colossal cliffs wastern curve the Colorado River trouble sure to come could be more split the red walls from north safely met in the village. Naab, how-to south. When the wind was the beginning of the French Revolution?
6. Cole said, unless there were some valley; when it was east a dreamy that the closed by a circle of colossal cliffs western curve the Colorado River trouble sure to come could be more split the red walls from north the beginning of the French Revolution?

6. Cole said, unless there were some valley; when it was east a dreamy the form of the propertion of the trail."

6. Through what play did the song that the trail."

6. Shap said Dene would ride right into the Bishop's after Hare."

6. What river forms a part of the new boundary between France and white with blossoms, enclosed to leave White Sage at clided to leave White Sage at c

What Is Your Kick?

slowed and paused.

Here are some kicks sent to The Evening World to-day They will interest you. You will agree with many of these people. What's your kick? Write it out and send it to the Kick Editor of The Evening World. Write also your opinion of what these other New Yorkers have to say.

New York, Nov. 1.

Last night I read one of the "kicks."

and I thought it was the most unAmerican "kick" I ever read. It was
written by an advocate of the nincteenth amendment and signed "T. H."

Last night I read one of the "kicks."

the right to buy one-half pound, &c.

You must buy four dollars' worth to
get a pound. We were more than
willing to put up with these things
during the war, but the war is over
now. When are these conditions going Last night I read one of the "kicks," I should like to know whether "T. H." to end? is a man or woman. If "T. H." is a woman then she is prejudiced, and enjoy the pleasures of the smoker; To the "Kick" Editor: but if "T. H." is a man, then to my mind the "kick" is inexcusable. "T. H." appeals in a like manner: "Bo, 'Mr. Reformer,' piease help us put through the nineteenth amendment' or some such ridiculous sentence. Now what I should like to know is: Who is "Mr. Reformer?" To my mind "Mr. Reformers" who add eighteenth and nineteenth amendments. And another thing I should like to know is: What is "T. H." doing while that "nauseating cigarette fiend" (to quote "T. H.") is smoking. I suppose he "T. H.") is smoking. I suppose he eating candy. M. M. M. is eating candy.

More Profiteers.

New York, Nov. 1. To the "Kick" Editor: It was bad enough to allow a fam-tly to buy two pounds of sugar each week, but to reduce it to one pound is bit too much. In stores along Sec

TO-DAY'S

of St. Charles Horromeo in 1584.

He was a Saint, a Cardinal and an Archbishop, but there is one story of his life—little known—that is a fervent help forever. He was of an illustrious family, of the Counts of Arona, whose castle was on Lago Maggiore, Italy. He studied in Milan and in Payla, where he received his and many others. BANK CLERK.

Arona, whose castle was on Lago
Maggiore, Italy. He studied in Milan
and in Pavla, where he received his
"doctor's bonnet." Through the influence of his uncle, Cardinal de
Medici, he was made a Cardinal at
the age of twenty-one. Through the
stormy days of the century's eclesiastical corruption this true saint
newed his way gallantly, reforming
dissolute monasteries. When staying
in a convent in the mountains, he
was playing a game of chess with a
wan and sick "brother." The question came up among the friars, "What
would you do if the trump of the last
judgment sounded this moment."
All the-friars said, "Rush to chapel,
kneel before the sacrament." "I
should go on with my game," said
Cardinal Borromeo. To the amazed
monks he explained, "This was my
duty, to amuse and cheer a sick man.
Found here, I am fulfilling God's commands." Charles Borromeo, saint
seed at forty-six, worn by austerities
and labors. His body rests beneath
the great Cathedral of Milan.

Comgesties as B. R. T.

Comgesties as B. R. T.

Brooklyn, Oct. 23.

There is not a worse station than
the Sutter Avenus station on the
Brownsville side of the B. R. T.
The platform is not more than six feet
wide. As each train pulls in on three
minute headway during the rush
hours, discharging about 500 passengers, great congestion results. It
sometimes takes fifteen minutes after you leave the train before you are
able to get to the street, so great is
the jam here. Why doesn't the P.
S. C. look into this?

Why Kiek?

Why Kiek?

There is not a worse station than
the Sutter Avenus station on the
brownsville side of the B. R. T.

The platform is not more than six feet
wide. As each train pulls in on three
minute headway during the rush
hours, discharging about 500 passengers, great congestion results.

To the "Kiek" Editor:

There is not a worse station than
the Sutter Avenus station on the
souter Avenus station on the
souter. Avenus a worse station than
the souter Avenus station on the
souter. As each train pulls in o

ond Avenue I was told that I could buy a quarter of a pound of sugar if I bought a dollar's worth of groceries -two dollars' worth of groceries for

"Servants" of the People.

I am glad to know of such a de-

New York City, Oct. 29. To The "Rick" Editor:

In reference to the soldiers' bonus, I want to say that I believe it would start industry at a greater pace, put money in circulation and set many of us on our feet financially again.

A Bank Clerk's Responsibility. New York City, Oct. 29. To The "Kick" Editor:

TO -DAY'S

ANNIVERSARY

St. Charles Borromeo.

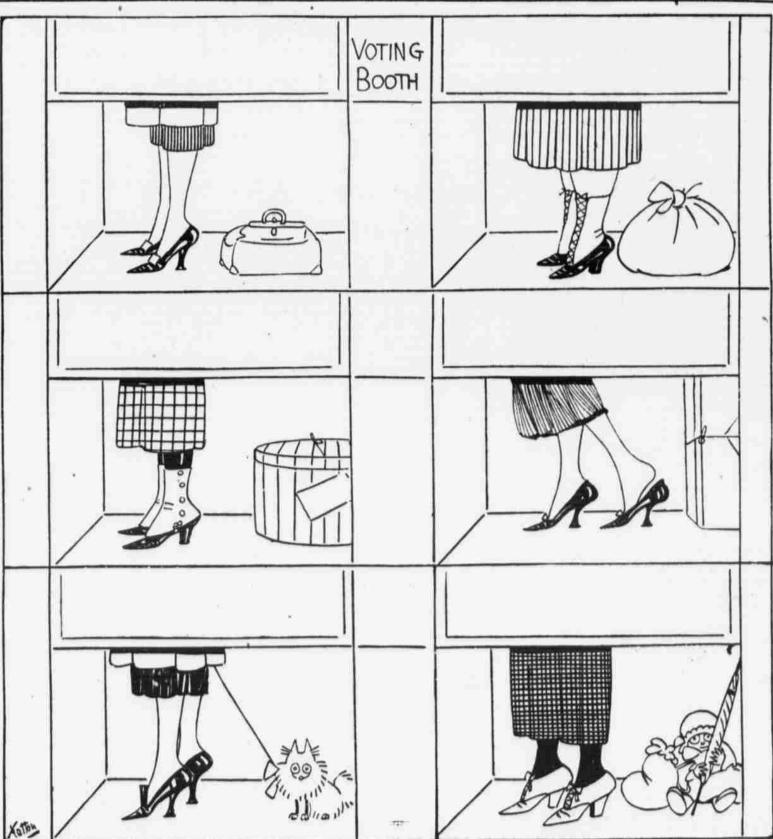
T is the anniversary of the death

of St. Charles Borromeo is 15%.

At the Polls

Opportuits, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co.

By Maurice Ketten



The Evening World's Kiddie Klub Korner

-Conducted by Eleanor Schorer-

My Holiday in Fairy-Land. DEAR little fairy touched me on the shoulder and granted me such a wonderful wish! I was so overjoyed I could not speak. I had wished that I were in Fairy-Land!

Before I could say "Jack Robinson," my eyes beheld a wonderful sight. Before me was a field of green grass. Little cottages stood all in a row. There were about ten or twelve of them, and in front of each these was a little garden filled with the most exquisite flowers. Almost in daze I walked about, trying my best to picture what or who lived in the little homes. All of a sudden I felt another touch on the shoulder, and what do you think? There was the tiniest, dearest fairy that you can imagine. Beautiful golden hair hung in ringlets down her slender form, and she had big blue eyes. She were a dress made of pretty green leaves, and her hat was of leaves, too, but with here and there a little tint of red

After a short time she said, "Are you the little girl whom my sister tapped on the shoulder?" Then she paused and, making a graceful bow, said, "If you are, my sister and I would like very much to have you as our guest while you are in Fairy-Land."

I was delighted! After travelling through the woods, we came to the

I was delighted! After travelling through the woods, we came to the good fairy's home. It was beautiful. The walls were covered with silver and precious stones and white turrets arose on either side. But my eyes met a more beautiful sight when I was ushered in by a fairy servant. Everything was decorated in green and red. Dark, shining leaves of holly were in evidence everywhere, and wonderful red flowers filled the room with a delicious perfume. In the corner of the great room stood a tremendous tree decorated with fairy ornaments and little fairy lanterns.

The fairy's sister said that she was very giad to see me. She looked so like her sister that I could scarcely have told them apart, except that she wore a silver star on her forehead. We danced, sang, and played games all the afternoon, and when it was half-past five we sat down around the fire to discuss our plans for the next day. We were to be in bed in ten minutes or the naughty goblins would steal us away. We roomed and laughed as long as we dared, but at the end of ten minutes we were in bed and the great castle was wapt in silence. Only the warble of a fairy nightingale was heard.

Morning came and lots of fun with it. On a table we found candy, nuts and fruit which we ate after we had caten a dainty breakfast of fairy dewdrops. The day was spent exploring the country, which I appreciated very much, for I was curious to see what the rest of Fairy-Land looked like. About three o'clock I started on my long journey home, accompanied by the two fairies. When I reached my destination, I bade the fairies good-bye, they instantly disappeared and I went into my house. I had enjoyed my wonderful holiday in Fairy-Land very much, and hope I shall have another just as happy.

ANNA DRESSELL.

Cousin Eleanor's Klub Kolumn

My dear Cousins:

When sending contributions to the Kiddie Klub Korner you ought to be quite as careful about stating correctly your name, age, address and certificate number as when you are sending to the contest. It is also especially important that you have the signature of a parent or teacher attached to testify to the originality of the work.

A great many Kiddies are careless.

home. My father said that I could keep him if he caused no trouble.

The next day my sister Edith, whose was four years old, was listening to an organ grinder and followed him. Suddenly she realized that abe was lost.

In the mean time the folks at home were searching for her, also the dog. The truth was the little dog followed Edith's footsteps and found her.

The tramp dog was not treated like a tramp any more, but more like a of the work.

A great many Kiddles are careless

about having this signature on their contributions, with the result that some very good material must be we cannot print as original anything that is not certified. We do not like to see these contribu-tions wasted and you would much rather your stories and poems and drawings were printed in the Kiddie Klub Korner, I know. So I am sure that hereafter you

will be very careful about this. Sincerely,

Cousin Eleanor.

THE TRAMP DOG. One day when returning from school poor little tramp dog followed me

a tramp any more, but more like a king. GERALD COHN, aged eight. HOW TO JOIN THE KLUB AND

Beginning with any



COUPON NO. 541